

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,  
Sing by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,  
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if thou me, then will she runne madde.

*The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.*

*Mort.* O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glend.* She bids you,  
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,  
And she will sing the Song that pleasest you,  
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;  
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,  
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme  
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

*Mort.* With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:  
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

*Glend.* Doe so:  
And those Musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;  
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hotsp.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

*Lady.* Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

*The Musicks playes.*

*Hotsp.* Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,  
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:  
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

*Lady.* Then would you be nothing but Muscical,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:  
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hotsp.* I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

*Lady.* Would 'st haue thy Head broken?

*Hotsp.* No.

*Lady.* Then be still.

*Hotsp.* Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

*Lady.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hotsp.* To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

*Lady.* What's that?

*Hotsp.* Peace, shee sings.

*Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*

*Hotsp.* Come, Ile haue your Song too.

*Lady.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hotsp.* Not yours, in good sooth?

You swear like a Comfit-makers Wife:  
Not you, in good sooth; and as true as I liue;  
And as God shall mend me; and as sure as day:  
And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,  
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling Oath; and leaue in sooth,  
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,  
To Veluet, Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady.* I will not sing.

*Hotsp.* 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-brest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will.

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.  
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,  
And then to Horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart.

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue:  
The Prince of Wales, and I,  
Must haue some priuate conference:  
But be neere at hand,  
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

*Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;  
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,  
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:  
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,  
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd  
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of Heauen  
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poore, such base, such lewd, such meane attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,  
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,  
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,  
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your Maiesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:  
Yet such extenuation let me begge,  
As in reproofe of many Tales deuils'd,  
Which oit the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,  
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,  
Finde pardon on my true submission.

*King.* Heauen pardon thee:  
Yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger Brother is suppli'de;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man  
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.  
Had I so lauish of my presence bene,  
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;  
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
But like a Comer, I was wondred at.

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:  
Others would say, Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.

And then I stole all Courtiesse from Heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,  
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,  
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouths,  
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.  
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,  
My Prefence like a Robe Pontificall,  
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,  
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,  
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.  
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,  
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,  
Had his great Name prophand with their Scornes,  
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;  
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,  
Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:

That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,  
They surfetted with Honey, and began to loathe  
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little  
More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,  
As sicke and blunted with Communie,  
Affoord no extraordinary Gaze,  
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,  
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:  
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,  
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect  
As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
Being with his prefence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:  
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,  
With vile participation. Not an Eye  
But is aware of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernes.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe.

*King.* For all the World,  
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh:  
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:  
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the State  
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;  
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.  
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,  
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;  
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on  
To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.  
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,  
Against renowned Douglas? whose high Deedes,  
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,  
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,  
And Militarie Title Capitall.  
Through all the Kingdome that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him;  
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?  
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,  
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemy?  
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,  
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,  
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,  
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Doenot thinke so, you shall not finde it so:  
And Heauen forgieue them, that so much haue sway'd  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeme all this on Percies head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,  
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,  
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:  
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,  
That this same Child of Honor and Renowme,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-prayled Knight,  
And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:  
For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,  
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange  
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:

Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,  
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render euery Glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.  
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:  
The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,  
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue  
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperatne:  
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,  
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,  
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:  
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Douglas and the English Rebels met  
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:  
A nightie and a fearefull Head they are,  
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)  
As euer offered foule play in a State.

*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:  
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
For this aduertisement is fife dayes old.  
On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:  
On Thursday, wee our selues will march.  
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march

Through